

CREATIVE WRITING UNIT

Objectives

1. Explore creativity and imagination.
2. Understand how authors create characters and write a story.
3. Create a character profile and descriptive atmosphere for a fictional story.
4. Write and animate an original fictional story.

The proper relationship of a writer to his or her own life is similar to a cook with a cupboard. What the cook makes from the cupboard is not the same thing as what's in the cupboard. ~Lorrie Moore

Day 1: Creativity

Materials: Do Now, copies of creative writing, image, BDA template, ticket out

Do Now: What does being creative mean?

Mini Lesson: Creative Writing

Read some short excerpts of creative writing and ask students what made the passage creative?

<http://www.writingclasses.co.uk/StoryFrameset.html> [stories have Great Britain vernacular]

<http://www.clas.ufl.edu/users/rthompso/oatmeal.html> Catcher in the Oatmeal

Independent Activity: Hand out to each student an image from the newspaper or magazine. Tell them to write a creative story about what happened before, during, and after the picture was taken.

Group Activity: Pair students to share their stories with each other.

Ticket Out: What other professions use creativity or work in a creative way? Give an example of the profession and the creativity involved.

Name:

Before, During, and After Story

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slight shadow on the right side, suggesting it's part of a bound notebook or folder.

Need more paper? Use loose-leaf and staple it to this page.

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement in a minimum of five lines:

What does *being creative* mean to you?

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and discuss ways an author can “be creative”.

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement in a minimum of five lines:

What does *being creative* mean to you?

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and discuss ways an author can “be creative”.

Something moved in the yard outside and suddenly the back door opened. Two middle-aged men: one bearded and stocky; the other: slim with glasses – nervous, unsure - appeared before him. “Unwise to do anything hasty, son,” the heavier one seemed to be trying to reassure him as Dennis instinctively grasped a knife. “Very slowly does it. We just need you to come with us for a chat, son,” he continued. ‘Xiphoid’ - sword-like was a Greek word they’d learned with Mr. Tyson at school, but the bearded man didn’t pull out a sword, just a card with what seemed to be his photo on it – identification. You need to be told the truth, son, and we’re here to take you to it. Zooming in on him now so physically, Dennis had to admit that the truth seemed a little too intimidating to be dealt with all at once – he put his hands into his pockets and looked down, thinking.

That day was Annie's sixth birthday and she jumped off her little stool and clapped her hands with delight when Ma declared that she was a big girl now and would be off on her own to fetch two small bags of Mr. Coulter's fine soft sticky aniseed flavored candy. Mr. Coulter and his very own candy were famous in all the Border towns – only he had the secret of the fabrication. He carried the candy in a big basket on his head and sold from street to street. Ma pressed just two pennies into Annie's hand. Money was scarce in these hard times with Annie's Pa out of work. “No talking to strangers. And no crossing the street, just straight there and back. One bag fer the pair of ye and one bag fer yer granny”. Granny looked up from her place by the fire and smiled, all wrinkles and no teeth, and gave Annie a wink. Annie's little sister Jessie just banged on the floor with her spoon. Off Annie skipped. Down the stairs, through the hallway and out into the dusty street.

I had always loved the cottage. It represented a freedom that I never felt in London. I felt at ease and as if I had morphed from the me that was always on the outside of things into the real me. My brothers and I would make up adventures. For six weeks every summer we became the “fearless three”. We would build camps in the ruins of the old village, collect the skulls of sheep that had died on the hillside, invent stories, adventures and rituals, build dams across the small rivulets. We didn’t need other children to play with. For some reason the three of us became a harmonious whole on the island.

Zoe and her mom were sitting at the dining room table with its high polished surface, its two glass candle holders at either end and center display of dried flowers. Her father was sitting as usual in his favorite chair in front of the large white marble fireplace, watching his favorite program the Antiques Road show on their new 50 inch plasma screen television they had just bought and had installed.

“Mom can I speak to you about my shopping trip to London,” Zoe asked.

“There is nothing that needs to be said, you’re not going on your own and that’s that,” replied her mother.

“Why?”

“Because I don’t think you are mature enough.”

“Well that’s not fair, I’m 18 now and an adult and you’re treating me like a child.”

“Age has nothing to do with it; you’re my little girl however old you are.”

Zoe glared across the table at her mother.

“I don’t care; I’m going on my own.”

Catch Her in the Oatmeal

If you actually want to hear about it, what I'd better do is I'd better warn you right now that you aren't going to believe it. I mean it's a true story and all, but it still sounds sort of phony.

Anyway, my name is Goldie Lox. It's sort of a boring name, but my parents said that when I was born I had this very blonde hair and all. Actually I was born bald. I mean how many babies get born with blonde hair? None. I mean I've *seen* them and they're all wrinkled and red and slimy and everything. And bald. And then all the phonies have to come around and tell you he's as cute as a bug's ear. A bug's ear, boy, that really kills me. You ever *seen* a bug's ear? What's cute about a bug's *ear*? Nothing, that's what.

So, like I was saying, I always seem to be getting into these very stupid situations. Like this time I was telling you about. Anyway, I was walking through the forest and all when I see this very interesting house. A *house*. You wouldn't think anybody would be living way out in the *forest*, but they were. No one was home or anything and the door was open, so I walked in. I figured what I'd do is I'd probably horse around until the guys that lived there came home and maybe asked me to stay for dinner or something. Some people think they *have* to ask you to stay for dinner even if they *hate* you. Also I didn't exactly feel like going home and getting asked a lot of lousy questions. I mean that's *all* I ever seem to do.

Anyway, while I was waiting I sort of sampled some of this stuff they had on the table that tasted like oatmeal. *Oatmeal*. It would have made you puke, I mean it. Then something very spooky started happening. I started getting really dizzy. I figured I'd feel better if I could just rest for a while. Sometimes if you eat something like lousy oatmeal you can feel better if you just rest for awhile, so I sat down. That's when the *chair* breaks in half. No kidding, you start feeling lousy and some stupid *chair* is going to break on you every time. I'm not kidding. Anyway I finally found the crummy bedroom and I lay down on this very tiny bed. I was really feeling sick.

I don't know how long I was asleep or anything but all of a sudden I hear this very strange voice say, "Someone's been sleeping in *my* sack and there she is!" So I open my eyes and here at the foot of the bed are these three scruffy *bears*. *Bears*! I swear to God. By that time I was *really* feeling weird. There's nothing more weird than waking up and finding three *bears* talking to you, I mean.

So I didn't stay around and shoot the breeze with them or anything. If you want to know the truth, I sort of ran out of there like a madman or something.

On the way home, though, I got to figuring. What probably happened was these bears wandered in when they smelled this oatmeal and all. Probably bears *like* oatmeal, I don't know. And the voice I heard when I woke up was probably something I dreamt.

So that's the story.

I wrote it all up once as an assignment in school, but my teacher said it was too *whimsical*. Whimsical. That killed me. You've got to meet her sometime.

Dan Greenberg, "Three Bears in Search of an Author," *Esquire*, Feb 1958, pp. 46-47.
<http://www.clas.ufl.edu/users/rthompso/oatmeal.html>

Day 2: Imagination

Materials: Do Now, excerpts of creative writing, writing prompt sticks, ticket out

Do Now: Imagine yourself in the happiest place you can think of. Describe (don't tell me) where you are.

OR

Imagine yourself in the scariest place you can think of. Describe (don't tell me) where you are.

Mini Lesson: Imagination

Read some short excerpts of creative imaginative writing and ask students to list ways the author used imagination to create characters, atmosphere, etc.

<http://www.writingclasses.co.uk/StoryFrameset.html> [stories have Great Britain vernacular]

Independent Activity: Present the students with "What Would Happen If..." scenarios. Tell them to write an imaginative story based on their scenario.

1. What would happen if vegetables could talk?
2. What would happen if my brother/sister turned into your sister/brother?
3. What would happen if water in the oceans evaporated?
4. What would happen if all clocks stopped?
5. What would happen if people decided to no longer work for minimum wage?
6. What would happen if everyone looked alike?
7. What would happen if all trees began growing money?
8. What would happen if fish grew legs?
9. What would happen if the sun went out?
10. What would happen if green beans tasted like chocolate?
11. What would happen if all houses had no doors?
12. What would happen if everyone rode bicycles everywhere?
13. What would happen if cars only drove backwards?
14. What would happen if I drilled a tunnel to the center of the earth and jumped in?
15. What would happen if my pet could talk?
16. What would happen if zoo animals escaped?
17. What would happen if humans did not have bones?
18. What would happen if LeBron James dropped a rap CD?
19. What would happen if a hurricane struck Philadelphia?
20. What would happen if I ate an entire jar of pickles?
21. What would happen if I had an evil twin?
22. What would happen if I had a robot that did all my chores?
23. What would happen if all cell phone service went out for a day?
24. What would happen if I caught the largest fish in the competition?
25. What would happen if I was principal for a day?

OR

Use the Triple Decker Writing Prompts: Each prompt contains three different items that you should include in the same story.

In your story include a bowl of goldfish, a man in black, and a train

In your story include a kangaroo, a bouquet of flowers, a wind chime

In your story include a set of candlesticks, a grandfather clock, a tree stump

In your story include a flat tire, crepe paper, white roses

In your story include cinnamon ice cream, a teddy bear, a picture frame

In your story include a kitchen towel, a pigpen, pistachio shells

In your story include a spoonful of sugar, a roaring fire, a glass eye

In your story include a night light, the funny pages (cartoons), three rubber bands

In your story include a screwdriver, a blade of grass, a kitchen tile

In your story include a schoolbus, a lady in red, a priest

In your story include sand, a videotape, a plane ticket

In your story include an opened envelope, eight dollars, a lipstick print

In your story include a Tic-Tac-Toe game, a styrofoam cup, a kitten

In your story include a bagel, a heating duct, a suitcase

Group Activity: Ask students to share some of the stories out with the class.

Ticket Out: Explain why a person must have an imagination to be creative.

"I saw her," She said quietly looking up at him after she closed the door of the large, expensive apartment behind her. He was standing in the kitchen niche, behind the counter, looking as handsome as ever: tall with a perfect body, blond boyish hair, sensually shaped lips, she had kissed so often, bright blue eyes which were now looking back at her announcement without a blink. There was no guilt in his eyes nevertheless she thought to have detected something in that look, something like the flicker of unexpected surprise. But maybe she was just imagining things; maybe her suspicious mind was simply running wild. It was too much of a typical stereo-type thing for it to be true. Nevertheless there was something different about him, now that she looked him over again. His shoulders seemed oddly relaxed though. She felt a discerning sensation expanding in her stomach, squeezing her intestines with fear.

Why couldn't she use her cell phone on the ward, anyway? What was that stupid nurse's problem? All she wanted to do was send a text message, for crying out loud, not have a big long conversation that would wake up the old bat in the corner. She looked like she was nearly dead, anyway. Except when she yelled out and banged the side of her bed; that was pretty weird and even slightly scary. Becka sighed resignedly and turned over onto her side, plugged her earphones into her many-studded ears and switched her iPod onto shuffle mode. She pulled her grey Abercrombie & Fitch hoodie over her head and closed her eyes, wishing her wrist didn't throb quite so much. Those painkillers they'd given her in the middle of the night seemed to have worn off already. The five other beds on the floor were all occupied. Everyone else was at least three, if not five times, Becka's age. At least they were all women. Jodie had been on a mixed floor that time she had her operation, how gross was that? She tried not to breathe in too much; the smell of antiseptic, overcooked cabbage and pee was really disgusting. She brought the cuff of her hoodie up to her face so that the faint comforting remnants of fabric softener could mask it.

Jane planned to return to work after the minimum amount of maternity leave. She had already lined up a nanny to look after baby at home. Out of sight was out of mind in her business, the sooner she got back to work the better. She expected the first couple of years to be hard but it would be worth it. Jane stared at Sara lying in her hospital crib. She was beautiful, soft, wide eyed, with a tiny sprinkling of white downy hair on the top of her head. She slept most of the time. She looked perfectly normal if you ignored the tangle of wires and tubes that snaked around every part of her. Machines beeped rapidly, intermittently and randomly to no tune but their own. Jane thought of the nursery waiting for Sara at home, the soft lights, the fluffy blankets, the music box hanging over her cot, all redundant, waiting for a child that may never make it out of the fluorescent-lit hospital they had been living in since she was born.

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement in a minimum of five lines:

Imagine yourself in the happiest place you can think of. Describe (don't tell me) where you are.

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and ask your partner if he/she can figure out your happy place.

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement in a minimum of five lines:

Imagine yourself in the scariest place you can think of. Describe (don't tell me) where you are.

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and ask your partner if he/she can figure out your scary place.

Creative Writing Example

Eyes were her one weakness. She couldn't watch someone who was inching closer and closer to their eye with their finger, attempting to get a contact out. Even in the mornings, when people needed to get the sleep out of the corners of their eyes, she couldn't bear to watch the red part of the eye show. She never even tried crossing her eyes as a child, because she was truly afraid that what her mother said was true. Her eyes would stay that way forever if she attempted doing it. The most ironic part about all of this was that her favorite movies starred Columbo. Peter Falk and his glass eye intrigued her so much. She loved the way he solved cases. It was especially cool to her that sometimes the suspects didn't even know if he was looking at them because his eye would wander a bit.

As she made her way back to the couch, she heard him utter his trademark "just one more thing" line. It made her so happy every time that he let the killer know he was on to them. It was just a matter of time before they were caught.

She scooped a spoonful of sugar into her coffee and stirred in the creamer. There was a roaring fire in the family room next to the Christmas tree that she and her husband had placed in-between the couches just last week. The children were intoxicated with the holiday season. Christmas was a mere ten days away now, and they couldn't help but get excited by the larger-than-life tree and accumulation of presents that had already appeared.

She carried the two bowls full of double chocolate chip ice cream over to the couch where the two children sat. She allowed them to continue their chitter-chatter over the sound of the police reading the suspect his rights on the TV. She had seen this episode many times over. She could survive without hearing the killer declare his innocence yet again.

As soon as the show ended, her children were definitely quicker on the draw than she was. They scooped up the remote control and started changing the channels, bickering over whether they would watch ESPN or ABC Family. When they landed on the Discovery Channel in their pursuit of which was the better channel to watch, they lost control of the remote, as their mother was grossed out by the "Journey into the Eye" topic. She grabbed the remote without warning, and changed the channel straight to ABC Family, where quips abounded on *Gilmore Girls*. Her daughter smiled happily, while her son sat back in annoyance, until their father told him that he could come with him into the other room and check ESPN's website for the final score of the day's sports games.

What Would Happen If...

What would happen if vegetables could talk?

What would happen if my brother/sister turned into your sister/brother?

What would happen if water in the oceans evaporated?

What would happen if all clocks stopped?

What would happen if people decided to no longer work for minimum wage?

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What would happen if all cell phone service went out for a day?

What would happen if I caught the largest fish in the competition?

What would happen if I was principal for a day?

Triple Decker Prompts

In your story include a bowl of goldfish, a man in black, and a train

In your story include a kangaroo, a bouquet of flowers, a wind chime

In your story include a set of candlesticks, a grandfather clock, a tree stump

In your story include a flat tire, crepe paper, white roses

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In your story include a screwdriver, a blade of grass, a kitchen tile

In your story include a schoolbus, a lady in red, a priest

In your story include sand, a videotape, a plane ticket

In your story include an opened envelope, eight dollars, a lipstick print

In your story include a Tic-Tac-Toe game, a styrofoam cup, a kitten

In your story include a bagel, a heating duct, a suitcase

Triple Decker Perspective Writing Prompt #1 Example: A bouquet of flowers, a wind chime, and a kangaroo

“Tinnng, tinnng, tinnng,” whistled in the breeze. Two small children scurried out the front door, eager to play with the new puppy that Father had just brought home.

Cubbie was a small Labrador retriever, eager to jump and bounce around with the children. They ran back and forth, round and round the large front yard, as the greener than green grass was stomped down and eagerly revived when they rushed past.

The **wind chime** continued to “tinnng,” and father entered the front door, placing a **bouquet of flowers** in the small pillar vase on the kitchen table. They looked gorgeous with the light coming through the window slits and a white cloth draping the table.

It was today that had been one year since they had renewed their vows. The children had only been four and six when the happy occasion occurred, yet they were able to fully embrace the loveliness of the moment. They served as flower-girl and ring-bearer to their parents. Cubbie was Father’s gift to the children on this most special of anniversaries. He wanted them to feel as special and savor the moment just as much as he and Mother planned to do.

As the children ran inside, Cubbie began to scour the house, looking for who-knows-what in every nook and cranny he could find. He mustered a ton of courage sneaking into Mother’s study, as the door was closed ninety-five percent of the way, and his astute curiosity allowed him to inch his way in there.

The room was spotless. Mother had always epitomized cleanliness. To keep up this trend, Father cleaned and vacuumed this room once a week, in an effort to keep her content and satisfied with his contribution to the household chores. More often than not, he would find her sitting in there, fixing button after button on her sewing machine and sorting her never-ending to-do lists.

Cubbie rushed out of the room as Father shepherded him downstairs and closed the door. The children didn’t even seem to note the importance of the date as being the one on which their parents re-declared their love for one another. They were all-consumed with Cubbie, and could not get enough of his incessant “yip-yips,” as they chased him eagerly around the house. He brought along more of the vitality and effervescence that Father and Mother tried to instill in their children. They wanted them to be happy and enjoy life for all it had to offer – including having a puppy dog and two parents who would always be in love and show it to each other through wonderful

gestures, such as their vow renewal.

Later that day, they would carry the **bouquet of flowers** out back, and place the arrangement in the rose garden Mother had started after the wedding. She had planted all of the flowers that had adorned the canopy under which they were married. The garden looked just beautiful, with roses, tulips, and chrysanthemums lining the back of the house.

The television flipped on in the living room, and the children smiled as a kangaroo hopped across the screen and its baby popped out of the pouch. A man's Australian accent was then heard:

"The baby is actually called a joey," the voice explained. "Look how the mother watches the baby as his eyes peek out and look curiously up at her." The children were fixed intently on the screen, but as Father joined them in the living room, he noticed that the younger of the two children was noticeably sad by the end of the episode. He looked at his son curiously, and asked what was wrong. He sobbed a bit, barely able to say the words that he was thinking in that moment. He finally inhaled and exhaled and was able to utter the cutest, sweetest words Father ever thought he would hear from his youngest child:

"W-w-why c-c-can't I-i-i r-r-ride i-in a-a p-pouch? M-my n-name i-is J-j-joeey."

Father couldn't help but want to laugh. He rocked him back and forth, and beckoned his older daughter over to them. As she rubbed her brother's back, Father explained that Mother was not a **kangaroo**, and that if either he or she had a pouch, they would definitely carry around their little Joey.

Cubbie laid at the foot of the fireplace, as Father embraced his son, while his daughter found her way into the kitchen to help Mother prepare the special anniversary dinner they would eat together as a family.

As the clouds cleared from the sky, and the sun came into view, the wind began to blow lightly. It was almost as if the heavens were shining down from above, speaking volumes to the family about the inspiration that they proved to be.

The "tinng, tinng, tinng," whistled once more.

Day 3: Create a character profile (he or she)

Materials: Do Now, character chart, illustration chart, crayons, markers, colored pencils, glue, scissors

Do Now: Think of your favorite character in a book or a movie. List at least five traits (personality, appearance, strengths, weaknesses, or goals) that person possesses.

Mini Lesson: Character Profile

Group Activity (practice): Using some of the creative writing examples from past days (or books read) students will complete a character profile on the main character of the story on the Person/Character Chart. Work in pairs.

Independent Activity: Instruct each student to create a profile for the main character of their story.

Instruct each student to illustrate the profile. Glue the illustration on to the front of your writing folder.

Ticket Out: If you were a character in a story how would your strengths come out?

Example Character Chart

Name	John Conlan
Age	15-16 (Sophomore)
Appearance	handsome, six feet tall, long brown hair, gigantic blue eyes
Personality	sarcastic, smart, funny, wild, troublemaker, outsider, very loyal to friends
Strengths	intelligent, inventive, witty, good looking
Weaknesses	too wild, doesn't fit in, too smart for his own good
Goals	to survive school and try to have as much fun as he can along the way
Other Details	acts like he "hates everything" but actually cares deeply

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement:

Think of your favorite character in a book or a movie. List at least five traits (personality, appearance, strengths, weaknesses, or goals) that person possesses.

- | | |
|----|----|
| 1. | 2. |
| 3. | 4. |
| 5. | |

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and discuss why character traits are important to the movie viewer or book reader.

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement:

Think of your favorite character in a book or a movie. List at least five traits (personality, appearance, strengths, weaknesses, or goals) that person possesses.

- | | |
|----|----|
| 1. | 2. |
| 3. | 4. |
| 5. | |

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and discuss why character traits are important to the movie viewer or book reader.

Person/Character Chart

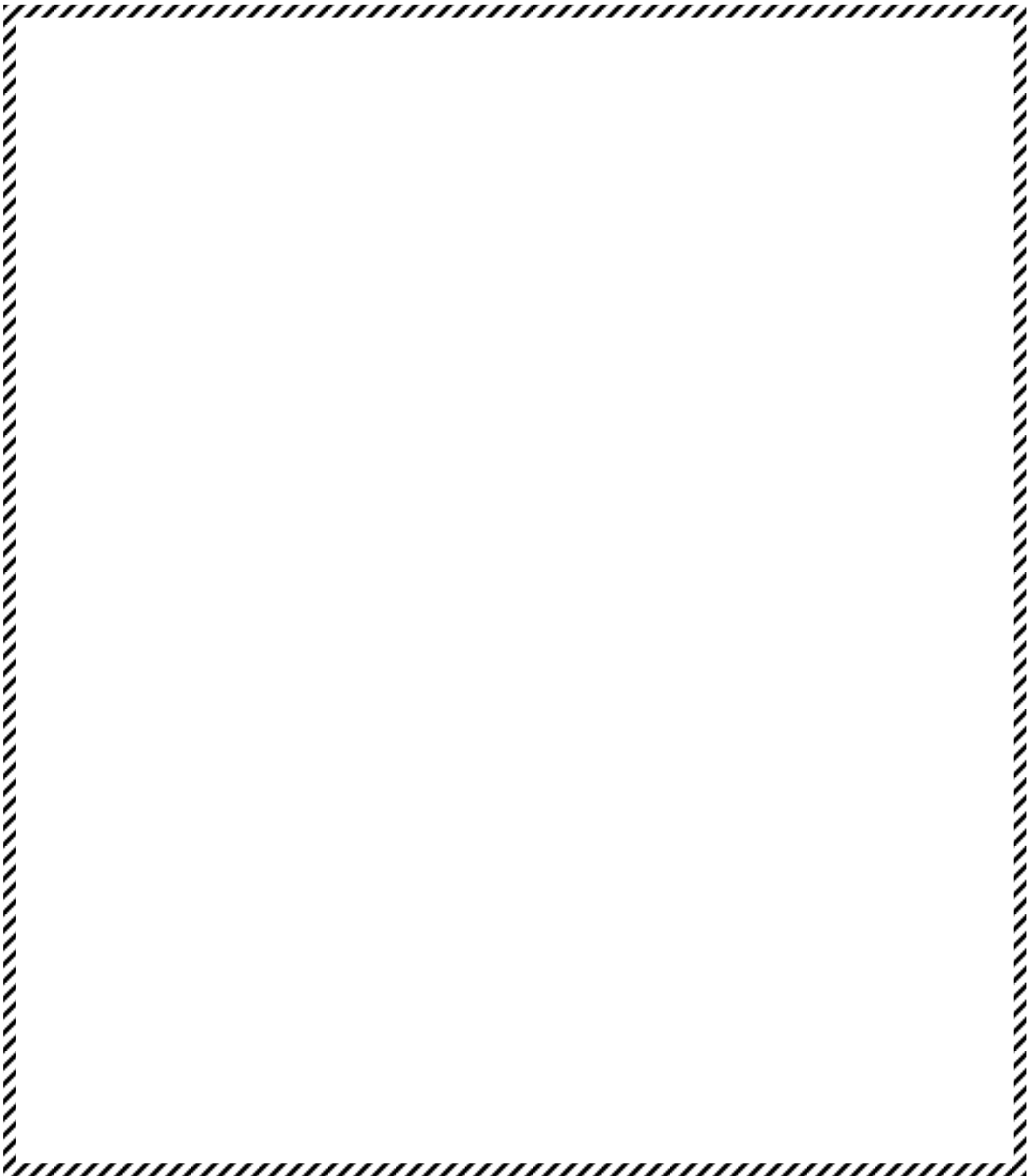
Filling out a person/character chart gives you a clearer look at a character in a piece of writing. Use it when writing a character sketch.

- Fill in each box with the information about the character.
- Add more rows to explore other details about the person.



Name	
Age	
Appearance	
Personality	
Strengths	
Weaknesses	
Goals	
Other Details	

Illustration of Character



Day 4: Creating Atmosphere

Depending on prior knowledge a mini-lesson about metaphors can occur before or after the Do Now.

Materials: Do Now, Creating Atmosphere reading, First Person Narrative mini-book, scissors, ticket out

Do Now: Complete the statements about metaphors.

Mini Lesson: Creating Atmosphere

Metaphors are comparisons that show how two things that are not alike in most ways are similar in one important way. Metaphors are a way to describe something. Authors use them to make their writing more interesting or entertaining.

Unlike similes that use the words “as” or “like” to make a comparison, **metaphors state that something *is* something else.**

For example: In the film Avatar, the story unfolds on an alien planet in the 22nd century, but director James Cameron says his film is a metaphor for the way humankind treats Earth today.

Group Activity: Ask students in pairs to brainstorm and list at least instances of metaphors from the atmospheres/moods listed on the Details of Atmosphere reading – 1 index cards distributed to each student. (Use the Do Now sheet as a guide and example of what students should create). Model this activity and practice before giving cards to students.

Whole Class (guided) Independent Activity: Read *Creating Atmosphere* together and discuss creating an atmosphere using the example given.

Using steps 1-7 and the student created character, write about a scene in the student’s story. For note #1 use the character created in your profile. The writing will go in the mini-book.

Create a mini-book – handout, explain (model) each fold while students complete it, teacher walks around and makes cut with scissors

Ticket Out: One concept I learned and One question I have.

Strong Noun

Strong Verb

Metaphor

First
Person
Narrative

The Scene

Senses Involved

Narrator's Reaction

Descriptive Adjectives

Please Do Now!

Complete the following statements:

1. *Brian was a wall*, bouncing every tennis ball back over the net.

Brian is compared to a wall because _____.

- a. He was very strong.
- b. He was very tall.
- c. He kept returning the balls.
- d. His body was made of cells.

2. We would have had more pizza to eat if *Tammy hadn't been such a hog*.

Tammy was being compared to a hog because she _____.

- a. looked like a hog
- b. ate like a hog
- c. smelled like a hog
- d. was as smart as a hog

3. *Cindy was such a mule*. We couldn't get her to change her mind.

Cindy is compared to a mule because she was _____.

- a. always eating oats
- b. able to do hard work
- c. raised on a farm
- d. very stubborn

4. Even a child could carry my dog, Dogface, around for hours. *He's such a feather*.

This statement implies that Dogface _____.

- a. is not cute
- b. looks like a bird
- c. is not heavy
- d. can fly

When complete, please *CHECK* your responses with your partner and reach agreement on errors. Answer this question: Are these statements examples of a metaphor or a simile? _____

Day 5: Map Your Story

Materials: Do Now, Story map graphic organizers (differentiated), ticket out

Do Now: Think back to the novel *Out of the Dust*. Name the characters, setting, and the problem. Then write a new ending to the story.

Mini Lesson: Conflict & Resolution

Independent Activity: Using the character profile and the atmosphere created, plot out what is going to happen in your story. Create at least three events.

Graphic Organizers to use: Story Organizer, Story Map, Story Map 1, Story Map 2

Ticket Out: In the story you are writing what makes **the event** so important to the story?

Story Map Example

Title	Mother Ship of Freedom
Main Characters	Grande High Emperor of Andromeda
Other Characters	Aunt Helga, her brother
Conflict	Extraterrestrials are fed up with Earth's cold war.
Setting	Berlin Wall, November 9, 1989
Rising Action Event 1	Aunt Helga bashes the wall with a brick.
Event 2	The mother ship of Andromeda blasts the wall with lasers.
Event 3	The Grande High Emperor tells earthlings they must learn to live together.
Climax	Aunt Helga becomes the emperor's emissary on Earth.
Resolution	Aunt Helga achieves world peace and is awarded the Galaxy Peace Prize.

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement:

Think back to the novel *Out of the Dust*. Name one of the characters, the setting, and the problem.

Character	Setting	Problem

In at least five lines write a new ending to the story.

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and talk about the conflict in the story.

Days 6-8: Writing Your Story

Materials: Do Now, loose-leaf, Storyboard graphic organizer, ticket out

Do Now: In your opinion what elements of fiction make a good story?

Mini Lesson: Review all story components

Independent Activity: Using the character profile, atmosphere created, and story map begin writing your story.

Using the Storyboard graphic organizer, illustrate the main events of the story.

Ticket Out: In your opinion what makes a person an “author”?

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement in at least five lines:

In your opinion what elements of fiction make a good story?

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and discuss why you feel the way you do.

Please Do Now!



Respond to the following statement in at least five lines:

In your opinion what elements of fiction make a good story?

When complete, please READ your responses to your partner and discuss why you feel the way you do.

Days 9-10: Animate Your Story

Materials: computer carts

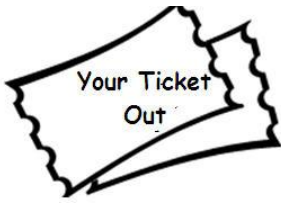
Model: Storybird and Xtranormal

Once your story has been written use the following technology applications to bring your story to life.

Storybird <http://www.storybird.com>

Xtranormal <http://www.xtranormal.com>

Or students can use Powerpoint to create story pages and narrate their story. [need a microphone and headset]



Name:

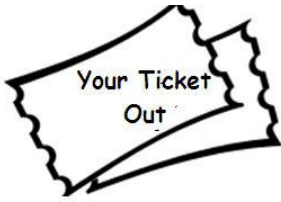
Topic: Creativity

Circle your level of understanding of today's learning:

1 - No Clue 2 - Need some help 3 - Kind of get it

4 - Got it 5 - Could teach it

What other professions use creativity or work in a creative way? Give an example of the profession and the creativity involved.



Name:

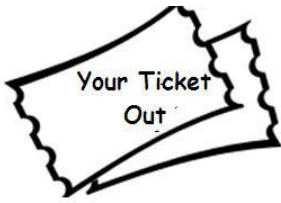
Topic: Imagination

Circle your level of understanding of today's learning:

1 - No Clue 2 - Need some help 3 - Kind of get it

4 - Got it 5 - Could teach it

Explain why a person must have an imagination to be creative.



Name:

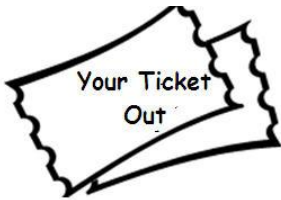
Topic: Characters

Circle your level of understanding of today's learning:

1 - No Clue 2 - Need some help 3 - Kind of get it

4 - Got it 5 - Could teach it

If you were a character in a story how would your strengths come out?



Name:

Topic: Atmosphere

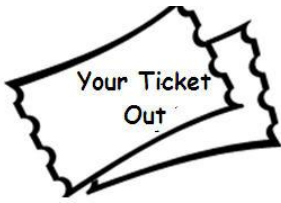
Circle your level of understanding of today's learning:

1 - No Clue 2 - Need some help 3 - Kind of get it

4 - Got it 5 - Could teach it

One concept I learned:

One question I have:



Name:

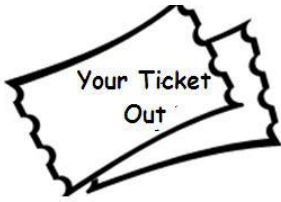
Topic: Story Map

Circle your level of understanding of today's learning:

1 - No Clue 2 - Need some help 3 - Kind of get it

4 - Got it 5 - Could teach it

In the story you are writing what makes **the event** so important to the story?



Name:

Topic: Writing Your Story

Circle your level of understanding of today's learning:

1 - No Clue 2 - Need some help 3 - Kind of get it

4 - Got it 5 - Could teach it

In your opinion what makes a person an "author"?

Unit Evaluation